

Original.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SMUGGLER.

"Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—

Oh! what have you looked on since last we met."—*Herman.*

EVERY body on the Canadian frontier, from the gulf of Toronto on the Ontario, to the Trois Rivières, below Montreal, knew Roger Dimon—although as in the case of Rinaldo Rimaldini, nobody could tell exactly who or what Roger Dimon was. We said every body knew him, but it must be received with this exception, it was only when he chose to be known, for the chameleon could not be more variable in his appearance and character than was Roger Dimon. The beardless boy, and tottering age—the Canadian Frenchman, and wandering Huron—the stout crout eating Dutchman, and the sly, overreaching, notion-selling Yankee—the grave Catholic priest, and the cheating suttler—gentleman and beggar, were among his easily assumed characters. What his business was, or whether he had any, was as much a mystery as his metamorphoses; and the wonderful celerity of his movements, was not the least surprising part of the qualities that were attributed to him. Roger Dimon was a man rather above the ordinary stature, thickset, muscles like iron, a pair of shoulders that Hercules might have envied, yet with all these stubborn points about him, no man's frame could possess more agility, strength, flexibility, and grace. His eyes were dark, and a pair of overhanging brows, gave them a peculiar piercing air, and when awakened by passion, something like ferocity and defiance. It would be idle to recount the conflicting opinions respecting him—Some affirmed him to be a spy—some an army contractor, and as it was during the last war with Great Britain that he received the most notice, this opinion was quite current—some insisted that he was a dealer in forged notes—and others averred that his business was smuggling. The truth is that few of these conjectures were without some foundation; though had any man charged him with being a counterfeiter, it would probably have been the last charge he would have made against any one. When money was to be made by contracting for the army then he was a contractor—with the movements of those on both sides of the line he by some means obtained the earliest notice—and in the perilous business of smuggling he was a perfect adept. There was not a bay, creek, or island, from Kingston to Montreal, from Sacket's Harbour to Ogdensburg, with which he was not familiarly acquainted. His pockets were never without money, and when occasion required, or fancy prompted, he was lavish in its disbursement. But Roger Dimon was more than all this—his lowering brow—his flashing eye—and his courage and fortitude, marked him as a man capable of the most desperate enterprises. It was whispered he cared no more for human life than a puff of a seagull—that he felt no more reluctance to shedding blood, than spilling claret, and the manner in which he always went armed gave colour to these suspicions. But if deep dyed in crime, they were not of an ordinary kind. He despised an act of meanness, as he would the robbing of a henroost or a potatoe garden—but when danger was to be encountered—when what were impossibilities to others, were to be overcome, then all the powerful energies of his mind were brought into successful action.

An unfortunate affair had thrown one of Roger Dimon's former friends into the Montreal prison, and unless some measures for his escape were adopted,

his life must pay the forfeit. In a petty squabble he had killed a young lieutenant of the army, a relative of the governor; the case was clear, and it was avowed that no mercy would be shown him. Dimon had examined the prison carefully, and he believed that by getting on the roof, the iron gratings of the window to the room occupied by young Murray might be wrenched away, and then by means of a rope ladder, his escape be effected. The attempt was a hazardous one, but Dimon was not a man to hesitate.

Dimon mounted the roof, removed the bars, and with the liberated Murray, was retracing his steps, when the moon, which had been hid by a dense cloud, suddenly shone out, and revealed to the astonished sentinels the moving shadows of two human beings on the opposite walls. Dimon saw they were discovered, but before they could fairly gain the street, the alarm was given, and a dozen men had collected to arrest them.—Throwing the rope ladder over a wall, he directed Murray to pass over and escape, while he would hold the pursuers in check, and trust to circumstances to secure his flight. This he did effectually, and Murray was soon beyond the reach of detection. No sooner had Dimon allowed Murray to escape, than he threw himself headlong, with a pistol in each hand, upon the circle which had cooped him up; but they dared not lay their hands upon him, and with the quickness of thought he forced a passage and fled, pursued by several of the most active of the men. Nothing could have been more easy than for Dimon to have checked the pursuit; but determined not to shed blood in another man's quarrel, he decided on making his escape, without resort to force.

Making one or two sudden turns to baffle pursuit, he found himself by the high walls that enclose the buildings and garden of the Ursuline nunnery, and with a single leap placed himself within the forbidden enclosure. In a moment he heard the voices of his pursuers, evidently at fault, and deciding that without aid no one could possibly mount those walls. After the danger was past, Dimon took a turn or two in the flower-bordered avenues, and as the moon had not yet set, he threw himself in a retired corner beneath a cluster of trees, to wait until deeper darkness should enable him to leave the spot without notice. Forgetting the new difficulties that might ensue, should he be found in that situation, he fell asleep, and lulled by the whispering boughs, and fanned by the fresh air of a beautiful evening, he slept until the matin bell had called the inmates of the nunnery to prayers, and the green hills and towering spires of Montreal island, and the broad streams that surround it, were glittering in the first beams of the morning sun. Instantly rising he was making his way to the wall, when his progress was arrested by a vision of surpassing interest, and which drove from his thoughts all sense of danger or of place. In the most retired part of the enclosure, beneath a cluster of tall sweet brier, and wild vines, on the green turf, a young and beautiful girl was kneeling before a small silver crucifix, and so deeply engaged in devotion, that the step of Dimon, though at but a few feet distance was unheard, and partially hid by the branches, he remained unseen, though she was directly before him.—Dimon was fixed to the spot, as by enchantment—he gazed on the beautiful crea-

ture as if spell-bound—he felt that he would not lose a tone of that low sweet voice, for the universe. She appeared to be about sixteen, of middling stature, and with a form of the most graceful and ethereal kind. The spotless dress she wore—emblem of purity, though perfectly plain, to Dimon appeared to enhance her loveliness. The dark eyes of the fair girl were raised to heaven—the pure air and warmth of a summer morning had given a soft rich tinge to her dimpled cheek—her hair, which had disengaged itself from the riband that confined it, floated in waving luxuriance around the most beautiful neck he had ever seen, and the gentle heavings of her young bosom, as she uttered her petitions for the vile and the wretched, spoke of nothing but unsullied innocence and spotless truth. Dimon had never listened to the devotions of a mortal with such interest, and when they were closed, he felt half ashamed to find there were tears in his eyes. Deep indeed in crime must that man be sunk, steeped to the very lips must he be in guilt, who can listen to the prayer of the young and uncorrupt, unmoved; who can hear the confessions of the innocent and the beautiful, without having those well-springs of contrition which are rarely entirely closed in the human breast, re-opened, and making one step, at least, towards heaven. As she rose from her knees, Dimon, while a glance of his keen eye around, told him he was unobserved, gently pushed aside the branches and stood before her. The first slight exclamation of surprise was instantly hushed by Dimon, who, placing his finger on his lip, respectfully motioned her to silence.

"You are undoubtedly surprised at seeing a stranger like me in this place," said Dimon in a low tone, "but be assured, it is not with any intention to injure you, or such as you that I am here."

"It can be of no consequence to me to know the motives that brought you hither," said the fair girl, "but I must inform you that by remaining, you will incur the most imminent danger."

"To that I am accustomed; yet I cannot believe that you would betray one who, like me, had taken refuge here as a sanctuary," was the reply of Dimon to her remark.

"No; but remember, there are others within these walls besides myself, and that I must leave you."

"Not yet," said Dimon, taking her hand gently in his; "you have prayed that the wretched and the sinful like me may be forgiven; but you have not yet assured me that such are forgiven by you."

A thousand wild conjectures which ran over the mind of the beautiful girl, as she withdrew her hand, prevented her replying. "I see I have offended beyond hope," continued Dimon, as he stood motionless before her; "can it be that you have desired heaven to accord that forgiveness which you yourself are unwilling to grant?"

"Heaven knows where pardon is required, I do not; but if, as your words imply, you are guilty of crime, may you be forgiven of heaven as freely as you now are by me."

The blushing devotee would now have retired, but Dimon contrived to detain her. Perhaps she was flattered by the attention he so well knew how to bestow—perhaps her heart plead for a few minutes' interview with one who had so deeply interested her young feelings in his favour—certain it is, that when she left him, she had promised to meet him again in that place, and it is equally certain that the appointment was punctually kept by both.

Leaving from the wall Dimon traversed the street fearless of detection, and the fair nun, hurrying to the convent, found that a subject of thought, new and engrossing, had taken possession of her pure bosom. Roger Dimon had never seen a person so lovely as Gabrielle Girard; nor one who had awakened so deep

an interest in his heart. Many that were beautiful and fair had crossed his path; but if they were noticed at all, it was a notice which left them like fair flowers crushed to the earth, despoiled of their purity and innocence, and left to perish broken hearted. Placed in a nunnery in her earliest years, Gabrielle's affections, those rich and hoarded treasures of woman's heart, which she fondly hoped and intended should all be given to heaven, had never been lavished, and were now brought up from their hidden depths, and given to one, who seemed, notwithstanding the mystery which hung over him, worthy of her love. Whether in a nunnery or elsewhere, the love of a pure-hearted girl differs not widely from a religious feeling, for her religion is love and nothing else. Dimon had not concealed his errors—deceit he despised—but when did ever woman love, and not find a ready palliation for the faults of the adored one. They met not many times, before Gabrielle, not without feelings of self-reproach, and tears of bitter regret, at leaving those who had been so kind to her, consented to leave the convent, and with a pledge of protection till death, to cast herself on the wide world. Dimon's intentions were honourable; and he felt that to abuse the confidence reposed in him by one so artless and lovely, would be indeed a crime to sink him beyond forgiveness. Dimon hastened to Plattsburg with his rich prize, intending to remain there until the excitement which her flight was sure to occasion, should subside. As the orphan Gabrielle had no relatives in Montreal, the matter soon died away; and as the fact was whispered, that the noted Dimon was the partner of her flight, a dread of consequences had the effect of silencing a too rigorous inquiry. At Plattsburg the lovers were united by a secret marriage, and after a few months, proceeded to Prescott on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, opposite Ogdensburg, where Dimon intended to reside.—He found it impossible to forsake his old courses at once and entirely; but the young creature who had won his affections formed a point of attraction from which he did not wish to fly, and which induced her to hope he would soon wholly forsake the reckless and dangerous life he had hitherto led.

Among the persons who had become acquainted with Dimon at Montreal, was a British officer, Major Frazer, a man of unquestioned daring, but an unprincipled and notorious libertine. It was well known that Gen. Wilkinson was collecting his forces at Sackett's harbour, and Grenadier island, preparatory to a descent on Montreal, and Major Frazer was attached to the few battalions which Gen. Prevost ordered from the latter place to Prescott, to assist in checking their progress. Frazer had learned the history of Dimon's flight with the young Gabrielle, and as he immediately on his arrival at Prescott met with Dimon, he insisted on being permitted an acquaintance with the matchless nun.

"By heavens," said Frazer to Dimon, the next morning after his presentation to her, "I do not blame you for running away with that girl; I might myself have done as foolish a thing had as tempting and beautiful a prize been thrown in my way."

"Frazer," replied Dimon, "I do not consider a union with a lovely woman, a foolish act, especially when beauty is the least of her excellent and amiable qualities."

"Upon my honour, Dimon, you look and talk as soberly as any bishop about this sham marriage of yours; I should not be surprised if the gipsy should flatter you into a real noose," said Frazer, in a tone of levity.

"There is no sham marriage in the case," said Dimon sternly; "Gabrielle's affectionate heart is too pure to trifle with."

"Heigho! I see how it is," was the response of the officer; "Roger Dimon is as deep in love as a school-

"boy; the cunning girl did not practise her arts in the nursery for nothing."

"Frazer, that beautiful creature is mine; she is my wife; and she must be spoken of, and treated as such."

There was something in Dimon's manner which informed Frazer that he was not to be trifled with; but he threw no small degree of incredulity into his manner and tone as he replied—"Well, I must believe you, but I should not have supposed that Roger Dimon could have been so caught by the dark eyes of a girl."

"If you knew her purity and worth, you would think differently."

"Purity," sneeringly repeated Frazer, "every one is pure till they are tempted."

A flush passed over the brow of the smuggler;—"Frazer, you know Roger Dimon too well, to suppose he can allow his honour or that of his wife to be trifled with. Let one disrespectful word be heard from your lips, and your life or mine is the forfeit." So saying, he turned on his heel and walked away, while Frazer muttered—"We will not quarrel now, but you shall tell, wedded fool as you are, a different story about her purity before long, or my name is not Dick Frazer."

Full of this diabolical resolution he set himself seriously to work, to destroy the happiness of Dimon, and his young bride; and by assuming the guise of perfect friendship and respect, he soon found himself treated with the familiarity of a friend in the family he was basely plotting to ruin.

The descent of Wilkinson and his army for a while postponed his plans, and it was not until the encampment of the French Mills was broken up, and that fine army, which under a competent leader, would have insured the conquest of Montreal, had vanished like the mists of summer, that he found himself at liberty to resume his projects. The winter passed and spring came, but he had made no progress; he had not in the least undermined the impregnable fortress of a pure heart. She would not understand the insinuations in which he sometimes ventured to indulge; that feeling of propriety which is innate in woman, made her revolt at the heartless manner in which he spoke of life's tenderest ties; and he soon found that he was becoming the object of her ill-concealed aversion and abhorrence. The quick eye of Dimon marked the change which marked the reception of the officer, and he guessed the cause. Gabrielle acknowledged the aversion she felt to Frazer's society, but as she well knew an avowal of the cause would be attended with fatal consequences, she concealed the reasons in her own bosom. Frazer was not at all disposed to relinquish the pursuit, and her coldness served only to inflame his passions. He was chagrined to think one so young and inexperienced should prove superior to his arts—his pride was roused, and he vowed, let the consequences be what they might, she should not escape him—and there was a feeling of demoniacal gratification passed him at the thought that at one blow he should gratify his passions, and humble the pride and confidence of Dimon in his beautiful bride.

It was necessary, if possible, that Dimon should be within his power, and separated from Gabrielle. Frazer knew enough of Dimon's course of life, to know that in more than one instance he was amenable to the laws, and with the secrecy which the act required, he sought from Governor Prevost, an order for the apprehension of Dimon, and his conveyance to Montreal, to be tried for a treasonable correspondence with the Americans. Dimon was not ignorant of the storm that was gathering—he might easily have disposed of his principal enemy, but such an act might have injured his future prospects, and besides, might have rendered necessary for a time a separation from his wife. To avoid this, after consulting with Gabrielle,

he determined to remove to the neighbouring territory of the United States. On the day that Frazer received his authority to apprehend Dimon, the latter with his young wife, and a single female servant, all disguised, left Prescott in a Kingston bateau, and proceeded up the St. Lawrence. Near that part of the river known by the name of the Thousand Islands, which, at that season of the year, when every islet, and they are innumerable, was crowned with the reviving freshness and flowers of spring, when the majestic river flowing in a thousand channels reflects from its mirrored surface the dark green tops of the pine, cedar, and willow that fringe its margin and dip their branches in its wave, presents one of the most quiet and beautiful scenes in the world. Dimon had become acquainted in some of his excursions with a McDonald, who in that lonely region, far from other settlers, and at a considerable distance from the river, had fixed himself, and where, in spite of the dangers that threatened him from the commencement of the war, he and his wife determined to remain. Dimon knew he could place implicit confidence in McDonald, and at that time he preferred a residence where he should be the least liable to notice. By his orders he was landed near the desired place, where he was welcomed with a warmth of feeling which denoted a full recollection of benefits conferred. In this romantic and sequestered region, the fair Gabrielle again breathed freely, and in the escape of Dimon from the toils of the plotting Frazer, found an abundant recompense for all her privations.

Two months passed away, and Dimon visiting Prescott, learned that although the closest scrutiny had been made by Frazer, no trace of his flight had been discovered. At Ogdensburg where he used no precautions, he was at once recognised by an individual who had been pensioned as a spy by the disappointed officer. His motions were watched, and he was dogged up the river by an Indian, while information was conveyed across the river to Frazer, who waited with impatience the return of the Indian. While at Ogdensburg, Dimon made some arrangements which made it necessary for him to be at Watertown on the Black River, the second day after his return home. He mentioned his intentions to Gabrielle, and said that to avoid the circuitous route of the lake, he should proceed directly through the immense forest that intervened between the two rivers, by which means the journey could be made in a day. In the morning he saw his beautiful wife was in tears, a circumstance which the more surprised him, as to all the tender and delicate feelings of a woman, she had uniformly added the greatest firmness; and taking her hand as he slowly led her to a grove of pines at a little distance from the log house of McDonald, he inquired the cause of her uneasiness: "Have you seen any thing in McDonald which induces you to suppose he will betray his trust?"

"No: of him I have no wish or cause to complain."

"Gabrielle, I must learn from your lips the cause of these tears."

She looked at him wistfully a moment—the tears were trembling in her dark eyes—when she threw her arms around his neck, and entreated him not to leave her.

"Gabrielle," said Dimon, "I have always found you superior to ordinary grounds of alarm, and you must now assign a reason why you wish me to remain, and by so doing forfeit my engagement. If danger threatens you, I would not leave you for the world, if not—" "You will laugh at me if I tell you why I fear," interrupted Gabrielle—"God forbid that I should trust lightly any thing which can interest you so deeply," resumed Dimon;—"proceed."

"Last night I dreamed,"—"A dream?" interrupted Dimon, with an expression of surprise—"I expected

is," said Gabrielle, "but if you cannot agree with me you can at least pity me."—"Go on, Gabrielle," was the reply—"I dreamed that you had left me in the protection of these kind friends, and that you had scarcely gone, when that dreadful man, Frazer, came to seize you, and there was blood shed; and I"—an involuntary shudder ran over the beautiful creature—"but no, I cannot tell you all—O, sooner would I die a thousand deaths, than have that fearful dream converted into a reality."

"My dear Gabrielle," said Dimon, tenderly kissing her; "all this is but a dream, and you will soon lose these painful impressions. It is impossible that Frazer can have discovered our retreat, and should he, he had better die than approach it;—besides you must remember that I shall be absent but two days; no harm can happen to you in that time; he shall return, and a word that never yet was broken will remain inviolate."

Having thus in some measure pacified his wife, though her fears were not removed, he shouldered his rifle and plunged into the woods, not without some forebodings on his part that all might not be right. He arrived at Watertown that evening, for his fears had added wings to his feet, and by ten o'clock had seen the individuals he wished, and was prepared to return. This he intended to do as soon as the moon which arose at one, should furnish a sufficient light to guide him through the wilderness he must traverse on his way to the St. Lawrence. As he had mentioned to the innkeeper his intention of not retiring to rest, he was left alone in his room, while the other inmates of the house gradually dispersed, and all became silent. The clock had struck twelve. The candle was expiring in its socket, the blaze now becoming almost extinct, and now flashing up with a sudden brilliancy, that revealed the extremity of the long and gloomy apartment. There were a few coals on the hearth, sufficient to remove the chill of the evening, but not to furnish light in the room. Dimon sat with his feet on the mantel-piece, his head leaning back, his eyes listlessly watching the shadows as they stretched over the walls in the rapid transitions from light to darkness caused by the taper, and with a feeling of impatience occasionally glancing his eyes towards the faint streaks of light which in the east denoted the rising moon. Suddenly he heard a shriek and a disturbance behind him; he turned his head, and saw a woman struggling in the arms of a man who was evidently meditating some brutal violence. Dimon sprung from his chair, drew the dagger he always wore, and flew to her rescue. He was about to plunge the dagger to the heart of the villain, when a clear and brilliant flash of light revealed to him the features of his own Gabrielle, and those of the abandoned Frazer. The desperate plunge of his weapon, only met the impulsive air, and before he could repeat the blow, the light expired, and all was total darkness and silence. Whether Dimon slept before or not, he was now fully awake—what he had thought of before as an ominous foreboding, was now to him converted into a reality, and seizing his rifle, he hurried from the house with the speed of one bent on an errand of life or death. It was with a strange mixture of hopes and fears that Dimon pursued his homeward course, stopping not, except to catch hasty glances at the compass he used to guide his steps.

When he emerged from the deep forest into the little opening which with the blue smoke curling above the pine tops, marked the residence of McDonald, the sun had passed the meridian, and through the vines of tall trees showed the Canadian hills, undulating and melting into the far blue sky, clad in golden light. As he approached the spot where he had left all that was dearest to him, the unwanted silence that prevailed went to his soul. The large and faithful watch-dog that never allowed any one to approach

without permission, barked not; and Dimon's heart, insensible as he was to fear, beat quick and fast, and as he fancied, audibly, as he approached the door. He opened it—still all was silent—no one appeared to welcome him, and a chill like that of death, came over him. A partition of rough boards, separated one part of the house from the other, and hastily throwing open the door between them, the first object that met his eyes was his dear Gabrielle, seated on a low bed, her long beautiful hair dishevelled, and fallen around her neck and shoulders, her head resting on her white hand, and apparently insensible to the approach of any one. He spoke to her but she heeded him not—"Gabrielle, my own dear Gabrielle, will you not speak to me?" said Dimon, as he took her in his arms and kissing her pale cheek, laid her back on her pillow. The sound of his voice seemed to recall her to recollection, and she opened her eyes and fixed them upon him; but merciful heaven! what were his feelings when he saw in them the startling and terrible light of insanity.

"Oh! Gabrielle, will you not speak to me? will you not tell me why this fearful change?"

With a shudder she averted her face, and cried out in frenzied tones as she struggled to escape from him, "Away, base wretch! begone! release me instantly, or dread the vengeance of my husband."

"I am your husband, and you are my own dear Gabrielle!" said Dimon, as he ineffectually strove to quiet her.

While thoughts, maddening and terrible thoughts rushed through his mind with bewildering force, he heard a light step behind him, and turning his head, saw it was the servant girl, Maria.

"Maria, for heaven's sake, tell me what has happened?" he exclaimed with startling vehemence—"what has become of McDonald?—has any one been here?—has that accursed Frazer discovered our retreat?"—were some of the questions he hurriedly poured forth.

Maria could say nothing, but looked at her loved mistress and burst into tears.

"Maria," repeated Dimon, taking her hand to reassure her, "I must hear it, know it all—take your own time, but conceal nothing."

From the account of Maria, mingled as it was with sobe and tears, Dimon learned, that early in the morning an Indian had called to request the assistance of McDonald in killing a bear and her cubs, which he said he had discovered, and traced to a tree one or two miles up the river. Soon after McDonald left them, the dog, which was lying near the door, suddenly sprung up, and with a furious bark flew towards the woods which lay between the house and the river. Maria ran to the door, and saw three men armed, running towards the house, one of whom she saw was Frazer. The courageous dog instantly attacked them, but a pistol shot speedily despatched him, and the party, bursting into the house with loud threats demanded Dimon. It was in vain Gabrielle assured them that he was not there—they fell to reproaching her, and Frazer, with ruffian barbarity, seizing her in his arms, swore fearfully that the long sought hour was come, and that she was now at length in his power. Mrs. McDonald interposed, but by the order of Frazer, was seized by his accomplices, gagged, and bound. At this moment Maria made her escape to the woods, and, as the only chance of relief, hastened on in the direction taken by the Indian and McDonald. To her horror, she found the latter at the distance of nearly half a mile, lying on the ground, shot through the head, and scalped. Returning with all speed, she had nearly reached the house, when she heard screams of distress, which she knew were those of her mistress, and thinking she too was murdered, she hid herself in some fallen tree tops, until she saw the three men depart.

bearing in their arms a woman. She then ventured to enter the house, where she found her dear mistress insensible, nor had she spoken, except when once or twice, in tones of terror, she called on her husband for help. At the moment Dimon arrived she had been to the spring for water to cool the fevered lips of the wretched Gabrielle, and to her joy, found him there on her return.

"How long have the villains been gone?" asked Dimon, as Maria closed her tale.

"About half an hour," was the reply. Hastily catching up his rifle, he commanded Maria to attend her mistress until his return, and then with the furious swiftness of a panther dashed down the pathway that led to the river. When about half way there, he found Mrs. McDonald, securely pinioned, and bound to a tree. He spoke not a word, but cutting her bands, hastened onward. He was too late—the objects of his vengeance were beyond his reach—the canoe that contained them was rapidly vanishing far down the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence. "Villains, you have escaped me now, but as sure as there is a God in heaven, vengeance, ample, dreadful shall overtake you!" said Dimon, as the canoe disappeared in a bend of the river, and with a sad heart he hastened back to the bedside of Gabrielle. That beautiful and faithful creature, survived but a few days the barbarous treatment she had received. In her last hours her reason returned; she was sensible of her approaching death, and hailed it as a welcome event; and she breathed out her last sigh on the lips of her husband, while granting that forgiveness which he so often with tears requested, for leaving her, contrary to her wishes. In a lone grave, in the greenwood, the remains of the lovely Gabrielle were laid; the two females, at their request, were removed to the nearest Canadian settlement, and then Dimon gave himself up to the hope of unrestrained vengeance. Some of Frazer's friends who knew Dimon, and learned from that officer the cause of mortal hatred he had given the latter, advised him to use all proper precautions for his safety, but he laughed at their fears, and ridiculed their apprehensions of danger from such a source.

About three weeks after the events we have narrated took place, a grand military ball was given by the British officers in Montreal, and Major Frazer was among the most admired, and the gayest of the gay. In the course of the evening, one of the attendants put a small note into his hands, saying that the person who presented it, wished him to read it without delay. "It is no time to be pestered with applications from young ensigns, who are anxious to use my influence with the General for their own promotion," said Frazer, as he thrust the billet unopened, into his pocket, and again mingled with the crowd. When the company broke up, as he was handing a lady to her carriage, a person whispered to him, "that if Major Frazer was at liberty, a gentleman who had some important business to communicate, would be happy to meet him near the royal barracks in half an hour."

"Tell him I will see him," was Frazer's reply, and he was on the ground at the time. In the shadow of the high building, that formed one side of the square, he observed a man in a cloak slowly pacing backwards and forwards; and walking up to him, was accosted in a tone which though but half remembered made him start—"Are you Major Frazer?"—"I am; but I am not certain that I recollect the person whom I have the honour of addressing."

"You remember Roger Dimon, and before we part, you will remember the wronged and murdered Gabrielle," said the other, in a voice that sounded like a knell to the conscience-struck Frazer, who remained silent. "I have sworn vengeance," continued the deep-toned voice of Dimon; "I might have taken it by a secret and sure blow—but I scorned to be an assassin

—you have the reputation of a man of courage—draw and prove it—orb or both of us sees not to-morrow's sun."

While Dimon was speaking he allowed his cloak to fall from his shoulders upon the ground. The instant he ceased speaking, Frazer, whose hand had firmly grasped the hilt of his sword, drew it and attacked Dimon so suddenly, that nothing but superior agility saved him from death. The contest now commenced in earnest; both were excellent swordsmen, but the untutored vigour of Dimon was more than a match for the practised skill of Frazer, and the former passed his sword through the body of the latter with such force, that the hilt struck with a hollow sound, and with a single groan, he fell lifeless to the earth. In the morning the body of the young officer was found, with a paper pinned on his breast with his own dagger, on which was written:—"This wretch, unworthy the name of man, is a sacrifice to the shade of the virtuous and murdered Gabrielle, and a victim to the vengeance of Roger Dimon!" In his pocket was found the note he had thrust into it the previous evening; on it was written—"The Tiger is abroad—let those who have reason to fear his wrath beware—this warning is from one who knows Roger Dimon."

What became of Dimon was never known; from the moment that his sense of justice was satisfied, for the deep wrongs he had suffered, he was never again seen or heard of in that quarter; yet his name is still blended with many of the most important transactions on that frontier; and the grave of Gabrielle is still shown to those who have a curiosity to see where undisturbed and alone, beauty sleeps.

W. G.

